Walt Disney's Cinderella

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Cinderella looked out her bedroom window as the sun was setting over the horizon. The sky was golden and orange. In the distance, the clock in the tower of the castle read eight o'clock.

Cinderella leaned over and tapped gently on the walls of her attic room. "Bedtime, everyone!" she called.

Jaq, Suzy, Gus, and the other mice hurried out of their mouse hole. Cinderella did all of the household chores in her wicked stepmother's house. She never had time for fun, so the birds and mice were her only friends.

"Bedtime already?" Jaq cried.

"Buh-bedtime?" Gus asked. Gus was Cinderella's newest mouse friend. She had just rescued him from a trap that morning.

"Bedtime, Gus-Gus," Suzy explained. "Close eyes and…*zzz*z…fall asleep!"

Gus looked confused. He closed his eyes and started to tip over.

Jaq caught him. “Not *fall*, Gus-Gus,” he said. “Fall asleep. Like this.” He put his head on his hands and pretended to snore.

Cinderella laughed. “Falling asleep isn’t all there is to bedtime,” she said. “Gus has never lived in a house before. We’ll have to teach him about getting ready for bed.”

“Okay! Okay!” the other mice cried. “Show Gus-Gus!”

“First,” Cinderella said, “you have to put on your pajamas.”

She went to her dresser and pulled out a tiny pair of striped pajamas for Gus. “Here, try these on.”

Soon all the mice were dressed in their pajamas. Gus even wore a pair of cozy slippers.

“That’s better,” Cinderella declared. “Pajamas are much more comfortable for sleeping than regular clothes.”

Gus nodded. “Gus-Gus *love*s pajamas!” he exclaimed. “Gus-Gus wear pajamas all the time!”

Cinderella smiled. “I’m glad you like your pajamas Gus, but they are only for while you’re sleeping.”

The mouse nodded.

“Now sleep, Cinderella?” another mouse cried.

Cinderella smiled. “Not quite yet,” she said to the young mouse. “First, wash your faces and brush your teeth. When you’re all scrubbed and

brushed, I'll kiss you good night, and then Suzy will tuck everyone in."

Gus began to brush his teeth. "Mmm-mmm," he said with a smile, tasting the minty toothpaste.

The other mice giggled and finished up. Gus watched carefully, and before long, he was done, too.

"Tuh-tuck in?" Gus asked.

Jaq pulled him toward the washbasin. "Not yet, Gus-Gus," he said. He handed him some soap.

Gus looked puzzled. But he watched as the other mice washed their faces with tiny cloths and patted themselves dry with some old rags. Then he did the same.

When the mice were all neat and clean, Cinderella kissed each of them good night. “It’s time for everyone to go to sleep,” she said sweetly.

“Follow me,” Jaq told Gus. He ran over to his little bed and hopped in. The he pointed to the bed next to him. “That’s your bed,” he said. Gus grinned and got under the covers.

Suzy tucked in each of the mice.
“Story, Cinderella!” the mice cried. “Story!”

Cinderella smiled. “All right,” she said. “Once upon a time, there was a young prince who lived in a beautiful castle. He had everything that money could buy—fine clothes, jewels, paintings, and more. But something was missing. He didn’t have anyone special to love…”

She continued the story for a long time. Each time she tried to stop, the mice begged for more. After a while, they couldn’t keep their eyes open anymore. It was just too late.

When the last mouse had fallen asleep, Cinderella tiptoed to her own bed and climbed in, still thinking about the bedtime story. Dreaming up tales of adventure and romance made her forget her life of chores.

Gus began to snore. Cinderella giggled and pulled up her covers. She glanced once more at the clock on the castle tower. “Oh, my,” she murmured sleepily. “If the mice had their way, I’d be telling tales until midnight!”

She snuggled against her pillow and yawned. “If only,” she added sleepily, “some of my stories would come true…”

The birds began to sing a lullaby, and soon Cinderella was fast asleep, dreaming that someday she’d live in a beautiful castle.

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